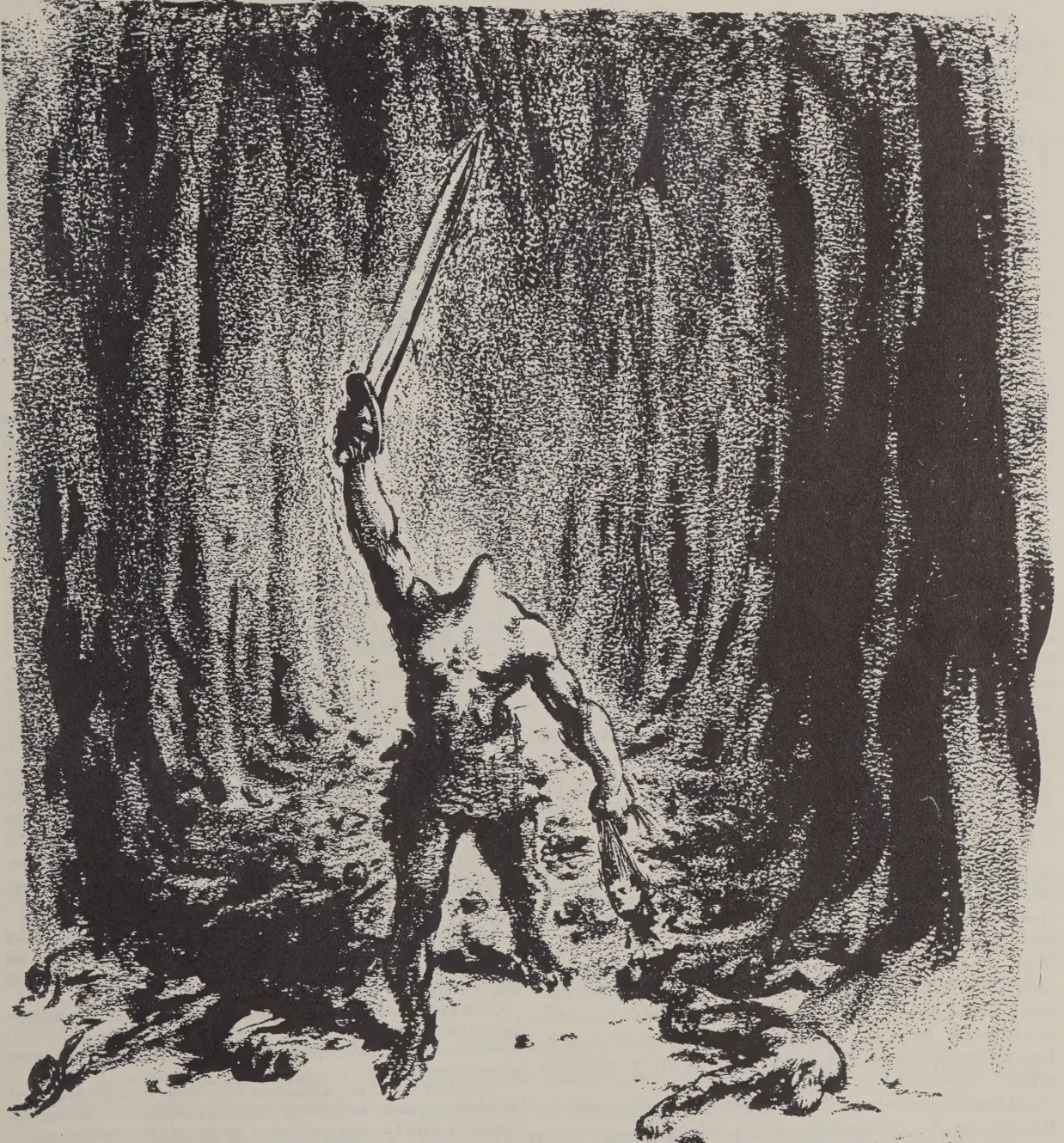


The BLAST

Vol. I

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 1, 1917.

No. 24



Robert Minter

INTOLERANCE

Social Revolution

DURING the recent raid on THE BLAST office, Assistant District Attorney Cunha and his detectives asked questions on the teachings of Anarchism. One of them said sneeringly: "When do you expect this Social Revolution? When is it coming?"

We reprint excerpts from an article written by Alexander Berkman about two years ago for *Mother Earth*. It may be possible to enlighten even the San Francisco District Attorney and his assistants. The article is as follows:

I SUPPOSE that in the life of every revolutionist there is a period—as there was in my life—when the words "Social Revolution" charmed forth the vision of a great upheaval, beginning perhaps in some little incident of rebellion, unexpected and sudden, and as suddenly sweeping the country—aye, the whole world—with the fire of a tremendous revolutionary uprising destined to end, after a short period of transition, in the triumph of Communist Anarchism.

But Time tempers the impatience of Youth with the clarified perception of experience and understanding. Slowly, but imperatively, life forces us to learn to conceive of the Social Revolution as something less cataclysmic and mechanical, something more definite and humanly real.

Not over night, nor from over the mountains, Messiah-like, comes revolution, much less the Social Revolution. If the latter means a complete and lasting social change, a fundamental reorganization of life based on the revaluation of popular ideas and conceptions, then it necessitates the gradual—primarily individual—substitution of new values for old ones. Human institutions are founded upon generally accepted, and therefore dominant, ideas. To uproot the former it is necessary to revolutionize the concepts underlying them. That is the most vital work within the daily evolutionary process of society. Its accelerated pulse-beats, called revolutions, are merely the mileposts indicating the distance covered; they measure individual growth within social progress; they materialize the conscious striving toward enlarged individual self-ownership, increased economic opportunity, and greater social liberty.

Many and various are the streams that pour into life's ocean, constantly agitating the apparently even flow of its waters. But never can this or that particular storm of itself force life into new channels. Rather, I take it, do the various disturbing elements—however different in tendency or often even antagonistic in purpose—conspire to agitate the lazy currents of human thought, awakening discontent and discussion, breaking down old traditions and dead men's barriers, and ultimately crystallizing into broader conceptions and higher aspirations, interpreted into action.

If the above be true, how vital then and significant is the propaganda of Anarchism, which seeks no illusory temporary advantage or the fickle acclaim of the unawakened. Rather does it labor to vitalize the self-consciousness of the social units and groups, to revolutionize understanding and

stimulate emotion, to inspire the daring that translates ideals into reality and thus serves to undermine the accepted, the static and ossified. To rouse humanity to continuously greater self-consciousness—the first step toward self-ownership and assertion—is the purpose of Anarchist propaganda.

What it is accomplishing can be doubted only by the wilfully blind. In every phase of human activity the Anarchic spirit, the conscious breaking of old fetters and constant striving for greater liberty, is manifesting itself in no uncertain manner. In art and science, in literature and the drama, in education and the rearing of children, in the family and the attitude of woman—everywhere there is going on a progressive breaking of ikons a bold and determined seeking of new paths. Post-impressionism in art and literature, futurism in painting and philosophy, humanism in science, the rebellion of woman, the increasing menace of the disinherited, awakening to the dignity of man and the power of labor—what are all these but manifestations of the Anarchist spirit, the creation of new human and social values?

* * *

Here and there, it is true, the breath of reaction casts poisonous blackness athwart the path of light. It blinds the vision of man, and tortures him with the madness of the past. He loses his way, and gropes in the darkness; he mistakes friend for foe, and drenches the earth with the blood of his brothers. And all seems dark, and men lose hope.

Carnage walks the earth. The stench fills the air; it grows overpowering. It disgusts and revolts. . . . The mind staggers at the ghastly sight; hearts pant for breath and air, and then—the black clouds break, strong rays pierce the dark, and the cry of sobered hearts and minds beats back the foul madness and stamps the bloody fetiche into the graveyard of the past.

Out of its ashes rise a clearer perception and a strengthened will—the will to be, to grow, to assert. The old lies dead, destroyed. No power can wake it into life again. The debris is cleared away, and the newer vision turns from the blackened old paths and casts about for a broader, freer road. The dynamic genius of liberty accelerates the pulse of humanity and vitalizes its firmer step.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

ANARCHIST COMMUNISM—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

The Daylight Burglary

MARTIN SWANSON, private detective for the United Railroads and the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, with Assistant District Attorney Ed. Cunha and Detectives Draper Hand and Mike Burke, raided our office just as we were about to go to the printer with this issue.

The corporation detective rang the door-bell at about 10 o'clock Saturday morning, quickly stepped in and took charge. Cunha assisted Swanson in prying into bureau drawers and reading personal correspondence.

Cunha asked to see our card index file of subscribers. In clearing a place for him at my work table, I picked up a few letters, some of that morning's mail. Cunha asked: "What's that?" I told him they were personal letters and they did not concern the District Attorney's office. He said to his detectives: "Get them!" Immediately Hand and Burke grabbed my hands and the "desperate struggle" took place, as we see by the morning's papers. None of the four well-armed men was hurt. But they took my letters.

Three hours rummaging through the house, prying open bureau drawers, reading personal letters and taking mailing lists, manuscripts and cartoons, resulted in nothing more serious than delaying this issue of the paper.

The real reason of the raid was to introduce some shivery music into the "anarchist" melodrama that District Attorney Fickert is presenting to the public in the newspapers and staging in Judge Griffin's court.

While watching the activities of my visitors, I couldn't help a feeling of pity creeping into my heart. I said to Cunha: "How can a man like you engage in such dirty work? As a boy or young man, you must have had a spark of decency in you." To his credit, he blushed. Then stammered: "If I don't do it, someone else will. Life is short; it doesn't matter much after all." Yes," I said, "life IS short, but that's all the more reason why one should be on the side of right and decency."

Just think of Phadraig Pearse, Jim Connelly, Tom Clarke and the other gallant Irish rebels who made the world ring with their brave fight for liberty in the streets of Dublin, last Easter week! Then stand up the Mike Burkes, the Brennans and the Cunhas for comparison. What a pitiful spectacle! "Life is short, and if I don't do it, someone else will."

Dear BLAST, you have had a stormy year—but it has been a glorious one! You must live to carry on the fight for Truth.

M. Eleanor Fitzgerald.

THE BLAST needs funds if it is to have a second birthday. We haven't money enough to pay this week's printing bill. Won't you renew your subscription at once?

Let us hear from all lovers of liberty and justice.

Among the annoyances occasioned by the "daylight burglary" on our office, is the necessity to omit:

An article on the affair of Everett, Washington. (They need and deserve your help.)

An article on the release of Carlo Tresca, Sam Scarlett, Joe Schmidt and others, in the labor struggle in Minnesota. (A compromise was made in which the only concession by Labor was a one-year sentence for each of the three strikers. The "Haymarket" precedent was abandoned.)

The story of the slugging by the police of an investigator for the San Francisco Labor defendants, by two uniformed policemen in the city prison. This was done in vengeance for his having turned up the police-kidnaping of a witness.

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Comments

Trial of Tom Mooney

THE little courtroom crowded with prospective jurymen, the district attorney's staff bustling about, giving orders with woeful lack of grammar, to bull-necked plainclothes men, the crowd of sympathizers waiting outside, shoved back and forth by policemen, one little bright oasis of intelligence in the room—in the prisoners' dock, where Tom Mooney, Ed Nolan, Warren Billings, Israel Weinberg and Rena Mooney sit.

The atmosphere is much improved by the arrival of the defense counsel. The judge enters. His rather intellectual face and good English also improve the feeling of the room. The trial has started.

"Have you read any anarchistic or socialistic papers?" is almost the first question put to a proposed juror. With that, it started. The conventional question became: Are you an anarchist or socialist, or have you any sympathy for them?

The purpose of the silly raids on the office of THE BLAST became apparent. Mooney was to be, in spite of himself, made an anarchist. Once an anarchist, he was to be flaunted in the faces of the jury as a mysterious member of some unspeakable, unknown cult whose members ought to hang, one and all, without investigation. The break-down of the original case against Mooney, by the discovery of the astonishing frauds in the way of falsifying photographs, bull-doing witnesses and hiring criminals, petty and grand, to supply lacking testimony, had left but one resort open to the prosecution—to hiss dread, mysterious words, such as "An-n-n-a-a-a-a-chist" at the jury, wave the flag and demand a lynching.

But the defense counsel happens not to be made up of cowards. After a dramatic but not grammatical question thundered by the little assistant prosecutor, Defense Attorney W. Bourke Cockran quietly asked the jurymen, "What is the meaning of the term 'anarchist'?"

The courtroom was suddenly changed. Prosecutors looked about in surprise. What "new dope" was this—asking the meaning of a word? Police officials shifted in their seats impatiently and frowned. The spectators and jurymen sat up with interest. To actually care what a word means! The idea!

But, under the hands of Cockran and McNutt, the boat of reason kept its course. The big voice of Cockran halted every ambiguous term. To get at the true meaning of every mysterious term employed became the attitude of all men except the district attorney's staff, who floundered beyond their depth, but bent on confusing the issue. For poor little Cunha, assistant prosecutor, it was as though the miracle of Babel had changed the language of the court to an unknown tongue. Fortunately the judge seems to be well enough read to know what is being talked about.

The trial has at this writing advanced no further than the tentative selection of a half dozen jurors.

Whether Mooney will win or lose—we don't know. That he will be proven innocent is certain. If, after being proven innocent, they slaughter him anyway, it will be the coldest blooded, most heartless murder ever perpetrated by the Frame-Up System.

It is almost maddening to see a monster machine, made up of hundreds of men, some of them thoughtlessly, others deliberately trying to murder five human beings with—perjury!

Dave Caplan

AFTER a mock trial in a court determined in advance to convict him, regardless of any foolish notions of "justice," Dave Caplan goes to prison for ten years. Caplan is an idealist, so, apparently, prison is where he belongs. It has long been an axiom that the only men or women of soul and heart in Russia were to be found in prisons. Very soon that will be the case in America. While the average man is blinded with the pretty phrases on "liberty" that decorate Fourth of July orations, quickly the industrial machine of our society shapes itself to maturity, displacing what liberties and ideals ever existed in America.

There is nothing wrong with the imprisoning or hanging of idealists, the crushing of Liberty, the stifling of thought; that is just as it should be—in a bourgeois society. Every sturdy heart should be broken, every liberty crushed in chains, every freedom of expression punished with black death—Nature made ugly—to fit the scheme of our social system—if you believe in that system.

The "Munitions Church"

AT the time of the American Civil War, several churches were split by the dividing line of "Dixie" into two hostile camps, one pro-slavery and one anti-slavery. The owners of the churches in the North were manufacturers who disliked the competition of slave labor and therefore listened to the abolition idealists. The owners of the churches of the South were slave holders. Thus we saw established the Slave Church. "Moral principles" were decided by which way the money came from that supported the churches.

Certain American protestant churches of the "munitions belt" are organizing a league to oppose the making of peace—"for the present," they say.

The most prosperous men in a district always control the churches in that district. The greatest prosperity of the Eastern manufacturing districts, where the anti-peace churchmen operate, comes from selling hell-machines to Europe.

So of course there is a great moral issue involved that may soon cause splits in several Protestant churches. We may expect the early establishment of the Munitions Church.

IT is interesting to note with what blithe ease our American philanthropists contribute millions, earned for them by the efforts of American workingmen, to some remote cause. Three million dollars raised in one night for the Jewish war sufferers with promises of millions more to come, and millions for desecrated Belgium! Starving Poland arouses their moneyed sympathy! Saccharine phrases drop with the gold into the coffers which when filled will be served with proper rites to bleeding peoples as unction for the wounds inflicted by their oppressors.

Pity is an expensive emotion. What are the millions contributed compared to the complacent bliss derived from a front-page account of these tearful sacrifices?

To attempt to interest our charitable Gods of Finance in a cause that is near to the hearts and minds of our own people would be as futile as it would be absurd. The only interest we can create for them is by startling their minds into a consciousness of the power and independence of our cause. They must be made to realize that if there is of necessity occasional submission to tyranny, there never can be subscription to it. We want none of their sympathy and less of their resources to help carry our burden. The glory of our fight and its grandeur lie in the fact that we wage it alone.

—S. C.

A REQUEST

ANYONE having a copy of the first issue of THE BLAST is requested to mail it immediately to Alexander Berkman, 20 East 125th street, New York City.

The Offer of Peace

Robert Minor

THE rulers through whom the greatest harm is done to the world are probably those of Germany and Russia. But the champion ass of all royal houses of all the world usually sits upon the throne of England.

Sitting on a useless chair in a useless palace in London is a useless vagrant by the name of George Guelph, by title King of England, Emperor of India. Nobody pays any attention to George; he is not consulted about anything of more importance than the cut of his waistcoat; yet it now devolves upon Mr. Guelph practically to voice the reply of half the world to the other half on the world's most important question—Peace. And King George's answer takes shape with many phrases such as "my armies," "my navy," and "my resolve" to fight on to victory, though he really never had an army, a navy, or a resolve, in his life. The words were probably dictated to him by the little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd George, and the poor "king" is not to be blamed for more than his willingness to hold the job of town crier for London financiers. The job is well paid. King George has to be an ass; he is not allowed any secondary function as is his cousin Wilhelm of Germany.

But when the foolish king of England gave his speech to parliament as the answer of England to the peace proposal, it was the voice of George's master, the British plunderbund,—the White Star Line, the Cunard Line and the great freight shipping companies of London, the aristocracy fat with the blood of India, and, head of all, the Bank of England. It was a voice which said in effect: "No, we will not allow the Hamburg-American Steamship Company to compete with our ships. We will not let German merchants carry their trade nearer to our exploited India. We insist that the common British man shall forever cripple this growing German manufacture, which threatens by com-

petition to force a reorganization, on a more democratic basis, of the British social system."

But the speech comes from the king, for the sake of the impression that will be made on the biggest fools in the empire. Then another speech comes from Lloyd George, for the next biggest fools. It is full of hope-you-will-believe-me excuses for the blarneying of Tommy and the conscripted munition worker. Those who are neither the biggest fools nor the next biggest fools, can be shot, when they refuse to take the excuses and insist upon the acceptance of peace. They can be shot—unless there are too many of them.

The excuses given by English Commerce for refusing the offer of German Commerce to call the war off, are full of meaningless phrases, hitting at some mysterious "moral issue," which they are in duty bound to settle without thinking of self-interest. The "moral issue" of this war exists about as tangibly as the "moral issue" of the bloody wars of the Crusades—the issue of "finding the Holy Grail."

The cause of the war is but one—Commerce. The soldier and the sailor are precisely what the traveling salesman is, simply advance agents for merchants, except that they carry death instead of bargaining.

As for peace—the English, French and Russian capitalists of industry will settle that question on two points: First, whether the cost of continuation of fighting will not be too great to pay for getting rid of the German merchant marine and the German Turkish railway project; second, supposing it to be good policy to continue the war, whether it is safe to try to goad the common soldier on to more sacrifice with the shaky lies upon which they will have to depend since Germany has offered peace.

Just a little mutiny now, in the allied armies—just a little rebellion in the cities—and the Allies' answer to the peace proposal would be: "Yes."

The Passing of the "Tin Soldier"

Robert Minor (Former Corporal Company G, Texas Volunteer Guard)

Over a blistering streak of sandy dust—auto, driver, passengers and road itself seeming dizzy with the heat—we drove to Fort Bliss. The day before I had arrived in El Paso on the fast train from New York, to work as a correspondent in the war with Mexico, supposedly about to break.

As we approached a row of crazy-shaped hills whose crests seemed utterly "unreasonable," the cowpuncher-like chauffeur announced "This heah is Fo't Bliss."

"Bliss," indeed! Quickly traversing the artificial oasis of the officers' quarters, we came upon the camp of the National Guard. The first sight was a miserable boy, standing over a discarded axe, picking cactus thorns from his blistered fingers and sweating mud. Then a long row of piles of debris, miscellaneous second-hand merchandise which passed for "tents, uniforms, food and artillery," forlorn "kids" standing about wondering what to do with it all and funny looking officers wondering what to tell them to do with it. Further on was a row of shaky tents under which lay a surprising number of listless youths, overcome with the heat.

Approaching a friendly looking chap, I asked him, "Well,

how's everything?" He looked at me a few minutes sadly before replying, "Oh, hell! I thought I was coming on a vacation."

It is no surprise to hear the semi-official announcement that the "National Guard is a failure"—if you've ever been in it. Men are supposed to enlist for the purpose of "serving their country." They don't. Boys enlist in the militia for the purpose of playing. It is true that they play most hideously, at times, shooting, killing their own flesh and blood in a strike. Most of them don't mean any harm; they have a phrase upon which to blame the blood they spill, such as "obeying officers" or "protecting property." But they are playing, whatever may be the consequences.

The complaint is made, by those who care, that there was hardly any increase in the number of enlistments when war threatened with Mexico. Of course not; the number of boys who want to play at toting a gun with a gang of other boys, with mechanical stride, swagger hats, the girls a-looking—that number does not increase much with a call from play to reality—to war.

Young men who really like to fight join the regular army.

In time of peace, they fight in saloons and alleys with each other and bartenders. In time of war they find their delight in killing with impunity. A little loafing about military camps in France and Italy as well as on the Mexican border has shown me that most men dislike killing, but that a few, everywhere, "like to fight." "Like to fight," means to enjoy taking a rifle and carefully shooting a bullet through the head of a fellow human being, or sticking a bayonet into his stomach, for that is exactly what fighting, in the military sense, is, and nothing else.

There are few who like to do this, human nature being too good for such work. Their number cannot be increased very easily—only by greater poverty with its abyss-created brutality, can the number of men who like to be soldiers be increased. If industrial conditions become worse, till the earning of an en-

durable living in workshops or fields is too hard for the average youth, and he is driven in multitudes to a cynical parasitism—then there can be built a successful voluntary military force. Otherwise not.

In any case, the amateur volunteer—the militiaman—is not a soldier. I remember the blushes that came to us when a more sensible "kid" shouted at us, as the company swung by, "Tin soldiers!" Sub-consciously we all realized that we were only playing. The real "soldiers" of the company always drifted soon to the regular barracks.

Many thousands of boys went playing in the cactus thorns of Mexico. The whimper with which they return, teaches the masters of finance that, unless greater poverty comes soon to force men into barrack life, the common man must be conscripted to be a soldier.

The Destroyers of Idols

Elias Sang

A FEW short weeks ago the unskilled and migratory worker was an honest workingman—a farm hand, a timber jack, a construction worker; now winter is here and most of the pioneer work is halted, the crops are harvested, and he has drifted to the cities. From now on, as his stake dwindles away, he will be labeled "the unemployed," the vag, the bum, and you can hear the small townsman wail: "What you goin' to do? Women folks feed 'em. Can't shoot 'em. Law protects 'em. Hold him, sheriff, hold him!"

These men, a distinct product of the present, with all the cold materialism of the industrial regime which has grouped them, fear no God or man-made law. They respect no customs or moral codes. Their code is extra-legal, all their own. "Unemployment," the ever present horror of all stable groups, has no terrors for them; it is part of the game, for theirs is the Will to Live!

They love liberty and they exercise free speech; they fight for it; they are irrepressible. When in jail they proselyte and the majesty of the law is compelled to listen to "You'll Get Pie in the Sky When You Die," or the "Red Flag." Hardships of the job and on the road, a common misery, strengthen the tie that binds them, and strong, real friendships are formed which hold no sacrifice too great for the cause.

The "jungle" is their trysting place, the box-car their

Pullman, when on the move. Through the constant change of jobs and the travel incident thereto, is imparted to them the last word in industrial development. They are ultra-modern—no old saws or moss-eaten catch words or theories of radical groups impress them.

The newspapers echoing their masters' cry, blazon forth: "I. W. W. Anarchists Capture Train" or "Many I. W. W.'s Killed in Attack on Everett, Free Speech the Issue." The press mirrors the thoughts and fears of those who cling to all things static, towards the disturber, the agitator, the propagandist, the direct actionist, for all these elements spell the terror of change.

This branch of labor, the migratory workers, has within it the materials of which revolutions are made. It has the double strength of active individual units co-ordinated with numbers or mass. It has the same strategic position in the labor field as raw materials, iron, coal, occupy in the industrial field of manufacture. The only organization able to get these men together and keep them together so far has been the Industrial Workers of the World. The 10th annual convention of that organization, just closed, was the most representative gathering of rank and file workers since the early days of the Knights of Labor. A decade of hard fought battles in the face of all social creeds of both capital and labor, entitles this organization to the respect of all real men.

Our Insane System

Charles Fourier.

THE present social order is a ridiculous mechanism, in which portions of the whole are in conflict and acting against the whole. We see each class in society desire, from interest, the misfortune of the other classes, placing in every way individual interest in opposition to public good. The lawyer wishes litigations and suits, particularly among the rich; the physician desires sickness. (The latter would be ruined if everybody died

without disease, as would the former if all quarrels were settled by arbitration.) The soldier wants a war, which will carry off half his comrades and secure him promotion; the undertaker wants burials; monopolists and forestallers want famine, to double or treble the price of grain; the architect, the carpenter, the mason, want conflagrations, that will burn down a hundred houses to give activity to their branches of business.

GREETINGS—Telegram received from Cleveland, January 3, 1917:

"Third Convention Union Russian Workers' Federation send congratulations to THE BLAST, wishing it further successful existence.—Secretary Volin."

Football Reasoning

David Leigh

THERE was once a little boy named Charley, a nice little boy, plump and round and full of spirit, just like all the other little boys that hobnobbed and went to school with Charley.

Charley grew up (or appeared to) and went to college, and learned all about football and kicked the insides out of any number of balls and at last found himself quite a figure, where kicks are reckoned as the high notch of attainment.

And about this time a city nearby was having quite a time trying to settle whether it was right for some people to be allowed to steal, under the guise of Public Benefit; and whether for the sake of the children that were growing up, it wouldn't be better to put an end to frock-coated theft and keep the public streets just as they were, for the benefit of the whole community.

And so they had an election—you know—the kind that all the people are supposed to take part in and don't—and after it was all over, a young man found himself elected; and his name, his first name, was Charley—the very same Charley who had kicked the ball of local fame right underneath where he was sitting.

And now Charley was big and still kicking, but no longer kicking balls. He was kicking, from the time he was selected to run for the office of Public Kicker, for a set of Little Men, who knew what it would mean to them to have a husky kicker on their side of the fence.

Into office Charley went, and he kicked with such vigor at all the indictments that were piled up against the Little Men who, with their money, had elected him, that like a rickety shelf of books, they all toppled down in one big heap; and, thereafter, the Little Men went out grinning to think what a fine kicker they had.

And nobody seemed to notice very much. It was all right. Who wants to fight all the time, anyway? And wasn't he a fine kicker, anyhow? What more could you ask?

And then, a good deal of time went by till one day the city in which Charley lived had a parade.

The parade was blown up. We don't know who did it. We only know who profited by it—the same Little Men who paid for Charley's election.

Many people were killed who had nothing to do with the parade.

An awful excitement then followed and some of the Little Men, whose money had helped to elect Charley, held a meeting and said they'd give money—the same kind of money that helped to elect Charley—to catch the fiendish persons who had done this horrible thing. And they did give money—not then, but they said they would—and just how much—oh, such a lot, thousands and thousands of dollars, enough to make a poor man get almost dizzy to think of such a staggering heap.

And then the hunt began to catch the brutal culprits—or maybe to avoid catching the brutal culprits. And everybody wondered how long it would take those who were hunting, because everybody felt it must be some Poor Person (or Persons) who had done this awful thing, and it doesn't usually take very long to catch them. Most any jail will show you that.

And after a few days, they did catch some poor people—four or five of them, whom the hunters said were bad men; and the woman with them—they said she was bad, too. And it looked as if they were bad for a minute, because the hunters said such awful things about these people, and you know how it is when you hear that everything about a man or a woman is bad; you almost begin to believe it.

It seems that these people they captured were what is called "labor" people—they all worked when they could get work—and some of them had been in trouble before, on suspicion of having done harm to property that didn't belong to them—some

property that belonged to the Little Men—the same Little Men whose money helped to elect Charley, and who were going to give more money—the same kind of money—to catch the cruel persons who had caused all this sorrow.

You see, there was quite a bitter feeling between these Little Men and the "labor" people, because so many of the "labor" people who worked all the time didn't have anything at all, whereas the Little Men, who never did any real work, had so much they couldn't possibly use it; and some of the people that were captured had only a short time before that been trying to get more people to see what a one-sided way of living they stood for. Besides, the people who were arrested had friends, known as "anarchists," a set of people who didn't believe in stealing at all, and Charley, knowing how unpopular the "anarchists" were, and knowing that to even be identified with them was enough to convict anybody of anything, took this for his tack and set out to prove that the people his hunters had lassoed were in league with the "anarchists," and, therefore, fit only to be hanged with what he called "hemp"—meaning rope.

One of the Poor Persons caught was tried and convicted, though the evidence in his case showed that he had nothing whatever to do with the terrible affair.

Just before it came time to try the next one, Charley, who had once before gone to the house of the "anarchists" and carried away most of their letters and papers in the hope of getting something against them, sent his hunters out to try again and see if they couldn't get something that would prove that the Poor Persons he was holding were closely connected with the "anarchists."

And the hunters went and made what was called a "raid" and carried away everything they could unfasten with their hands, including a lot of pictures which showed why the Little Men are not loved by the "labor" people, mostly drawn by a young man who had been helping the Poor Persons to get free.

And then Charley, angry because he hadn't gotten anything, decided he'd kick for all he was worth in the public papers and see if that wouldn't help him to put the "hemp" around the necks of these Poor Persons who were about to be tried for their lives. You see, he thought a crowd in the city was just like a crowd in the football field, and he imagined they would cheer a kicker, no matter what he kicked or how he kicked it. That was Charley's mistake.

Like a gust of wind, he hurled the word "anarch," which he thought would sound worse than "anarchist" to those who read papers to see what other people think. He had the papers put it in great big type—that the "anarchs" were in sympathy with these Poor Persons he wanted to hang. He said he had letters to prove that the "anarchists" had raised money to try to help these Poor Persons to get off; not only that, but that a rich woman, a society woman, a woman belonging to the set of people in which his friends, the Little Men, traveled, had actually given of her wealth, her position, of her energy to help these dastardly Poor Persons. It was an arch kick he thought he was making and he never once realized that a great many people had already perceived that he didn't even have a ball in his hand.

Poor Charley! He shouldn't be blamed. What would you expect of a man who didn't know any more of life than to imagine that just because he kicked a great lot of accusations and insinuations and asseverations into the air about people who had the temerity to try to help Poor Persons—that that would prove the guilt of the Poor Persons and enable him to stretch his "hemp" around their necks, and so make permanent the fame which this celebrated kicker had once enjoyed.

That was the way the case stood when Charley came to try the second of the Poor Persons; and if you would be interested to hear what happened when Charley was asked to show the ball, I will tell you about it in the next issue.

"THE PUBLIC"

There are few magazines or other periodicals that seem to be worth the paper on which they are printed. We are cursed with magazines, more magazines and then a few. To see a pile of them on the table, with the task ahead of looking through them, is tiring. To read the mouthings of a censored coward and wonder what the poor fellow would write if he dared, is a daily task of these times when "free press" is a joke.

But among a few exceptions is *The Public*. Its refreshing fairness lures us to its columns.

The Public has moved from Chicago to 122 East 37th street, New York. We hope this is a sign of increased strength. Hail to Honesty!

NEW PUBLICATIONS

As you know, the *Revolt* and the *Alarm* were suppressed by the federal authorities a few months ago. Here is our answer: "*The Social War*"—Organ of Revolutionary Outcasts—will make its appearance on the first of January. Hippolyte Havel will edit the new publication.

Subscription, fifty cents per year.
1605 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago.

The Slate, a monthly magazine for teachers, promises to be free, frank and fearless—at whatever cost. We have not seen it as yet, but it has been announced to appear January 1st. Single copies, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.20. Address Jess Perlman, 4 Charles street, New York, N. Y. Success to your new venture, Jess.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

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